

Conversation 16 by Good Morning Hawkins (quodpersortem)

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Summary:

A collection of Haringrove drabbles I previously posted to Tumblr. Each chapter is a separate drabble and most verses they are in are not compatible with each other. Ratings vary although a lot of it is smut.

Title comes from the National's Conversation 16.

1. Virgin Billy

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy's a virgin, and then he's not.

([original post](#))

Billy's a virgin. He doesn't have sex with girls because he can't ever find a girl pretty enough to suit his tastes (or so he thinks to himself, because to admit to himself he's not attracted to girls is a step too far at this point) and he's not sleeping with boys cos maybe he wants to, sometimes, but it's too fucking scary. It's something he can't do because he's terrified it'd confirm what he already knows, confess to a side to himself he wants to pretend is Not Real and Does Not Exist...

But then he's in fucking Hawkins and he and Steve have this weird ... feud, or whatever it is, from the start. It's tension, and Billy secretly thinks that it feels sexual in nature because he can't stop jacking off to the thought of Steve no matter how hard he tries. It's a brusque confrontation with his own homosexual feelings, basically. Still, he and Steve jab at each other constantly, sharp words and punches duller than that first time but no less bruising. It's a back and forth thing that Billy doesn't know how to stop, and Steve might know but *doesn't*. He keeps pushing himself into Billy's personal space, not backing down with the innuendo, sending them hurtling down this road that is going to lead *somewhere*, someplace Billy hasn't dared think about ever since he realised not all boys want to kiss other boys.

When it has gone on for a while that way, Billy knows it's going to come to a head and he wants to run from the situation but there's *nowhere* to go. He's stuck in Indiana, and at a party where Steve shows up even though he's not *supposed* to. Billy didn't *expect* him to; hell, Billy prefers parties where Steve's not, because it's easier, because he doesn't have to watch himself, because he can get shitfaced.

Tonight, he didn't think to limit his intake, so Billy's pretty far gone

when Steve steps up to him, though... which explains why he follows Steve with an eye roll when Steve shouts, "Let's talk" and leads the way to an empty bedroom, upstairs, dim and dark and with only the heavy bass of the music audible.

Steve's smirking at Billy, standing confident and relaxed in the middle of the room like he's waiting for Billy to follow. Billy's guts are twisting themselves into knots, but he stares down Steve and locks the door behind him. And he wants it, he wants it so bad, but he's terrified of his own feelings, scared of Steve doing this just to *expose* him even though he doesn't think that he would, could—

His head is a mess, and Steve steps a little closer. His features have mellowed a little, and Billy takes a deep breath and steps toward him as well. He knows he's fucking fumbling with his jeans' belt loop like some imbecile, but he can't fucking stop it and he knows Steve's noticed.

Still, Steve's not backing down now and Billy's not either. Then they're standing opposite each other, tips of their toes touching, Billy can feel Steve's hot breath on his face and he knows Steve's going to have to make the first move because Billy's frozen in place. He's trying to keep his composure but he's breathing hard and he's fucking sweating, half hard in his jeans from sheer anticipation, and then Steve's hand comes up, surprisingly soft as he strokes a finger down Billy's jaw before cupping it and pulling him close for a fierce kiss.

For the first time Billy thinks, *I can do this*. It's somewhat revelatory. It's like a weight lifting from his back.

He kisses Steve back as hard as he can, and then they're stumbling toward the bed, with Steve doing most of the undressing. Then it's hot skin on skin on skin, Steve's arms on Billy's stomach, their legs rubbing together as Steve pushes Billy into the soft sheets and climbs up over him. Steve mutters into Billy's neck, whispers, "I know you've never—" and "it's okay" and kissing him in between speaking.

Then Steve crawls down, his hands skittering across Billy's stomach before he's crouched between his legs and sucking down his cock like it's no big deal. Like there's no shame in it for Steve whatsoever, he's happy to do this, Billy could've been a chick and it'd have been no

different for Steve—while Billy tries to fight the hot burn of shame on his cheeks. He's well aware of what's going on, and well aware that there's no returning from this.

Then Steve starts to suck, hollowing his cheeks, and Billy's never felt anything like it before. He throws his head back as he moans, and he knows he sounds almost pained but it's only because it's *so fucking good*. Billy can't keep his legs still, wants to mash them closed around Steve's head or he wants to spread them wider—he wants to get closer, and then Steve pulls off and mutters, “just fuck my mouth, babe, I know you want it.”

Billy almost cries when he allows his hips to push up into Steve's mouth as Steve keeps still, staring up at Billy from under his lashes, his eyes big and brown and encouraging. His cheeks are flushed and Billy's pretty sure Steve's smirking a little, taking Billy's dick like a fucking *champion*.

It doesn't take long then before Billy starts to cum. He whines out a warning and Steve pulls off, jacks him through his orgasm so Billy spills his seed on his stomach while Steve tongues along the underside of his twitching dick.

Then Steve gets back up, back over Billy, with his thick hard dick bobbing in the air and dripping precum onto Billy's stomach, adding to the slick mess already there. The situation's so heady, like... Billy doesn't know how to respond, he just came harder than he ever has in his life and all he can think is that he *wants* Steve—he wants to kiss him, jack him off, he wants to suck him off, he wants Steve to bend him over and *fuck him senseless*.

Yet, he doesn't know what Steve wants him to do, and he doesn't really know how to do any of those things with confidence, except jacking off. He strokes his hand down Steve's side, looking at him as he moves lower, lower, towards Steve's dick and Steve nods a little, encouragingly but he keeps still, like he is allowing Billy to take his time. Then when Billy closes his fingers around his dick, Steve's eyes flutter a little, his jaw goes slack and he grunts, “Fuck yeah, *Billy*.”

It's hearing Steve say his name like that, all guttural and hot, that spurs Billy on to action, slowly stroking Steve's dick from the base to

the shiny tip, smearing around precum. The angle is awkward but it doesn't seem to matter because Steve's pushing his hips into Billy's hand and he keeps staring at Billy like he's the best thing Steve's ever seen.

Billy hates that that makes him feel special, but it fucking does. He's completely gone for Steve, just like half the school's population—he's head over heels, and there's nothing he can do about it.

Steve grunts, "Do you want me to cum all over you, baby?" It pulls Billy right out of introspection and into the present as Steve continues, "Mark you up, make an even bigger mess out of you?"

Billy's voice croaks when he says, "yes," and then "fuck, yeah," and then he's talking, because they're here now and it's not scary anymore, it's just dead fucking hot. He finds he doesn't think there's anything wrong with doing this, because it feels natural and *perfect* and he wants to do it more, *more*, so he tells Steve, "cum for me," and "cum all over my belly" and then, "kiss me."

Steve leans in, over, forward and kisses Billy again, sloppy and open mouthed, with saliva getting everywhere and their teeth clicking together. Billy can hear Steve moan, long and deep, as he cums with his cock twitching in Billy's hand and hot cum splashing onto his belly. He slows his movements and Steve breaks the kiss, pushes their foreheads and noses together as he catches his breath.

Then Steve kisses Billy's forehead before getting off him, wandering off into the en suite bathroom. He shouts "I'll grab you a towel," and Billy's laying there still when Steve returns; he's still laying there when Steve throws the damp towel to him, smirks, cocks his eyebrow and says, "Clean up, dirty boy."

Steve gets dressed while Billy wipes up the cum with the towel, then leaves Billy alone in that room contemplating his life but more importantly, contemplating how he can get with Steve again as soon as possible.

2. Lockerroom Showers

Summary for the Chapter:

They're in the showers, then they're touching.

([original post](#))

Billy and Steve are alone in the fucking showers—with all their miserable cold drafts, the cold tiles and the lockers stinking of sweat. It doesn't matter because Billy's already half hard and can't stop sneaking glances at Steve. Harrington's paying no attention to him, so Billy slips down his hand and starts to touch himself, just a little, because—because he's young and he needs to just get off, and he doesn't want to go to the bathroom or wait until he's home or whatever (not to mention that illicit thrill he gets when he touches himself in public—when *Steve* can see) so he strokes his chest and legs pretending to be washing himself until he's hard as a fucking rock, his dick curved up to his stomach.

By then Steve's sort of looking, craning his neck to see more, so Billy smirks up at him. He doesn't say anything yet, he just shakes his shoulders a little, widens his stance and grabs his dick, *sloowly* stroking it and groaning a little.

Of course, by now Steve's also getting hard and uncomfortable. He wants to walk off because he feels like he's intruding on Billy or whatever, but when he goes to turn off the shower, Billy's free hand closes over Steve's wrist and he drawls sweetly, "You can stay and watch, pretty boy."

Steve's breath hitches in his chest as Billy keeps staring at Steve intently, although he lets go of Steve's wrist. Still standing close to him, Billy starts jacking off again, still smirking although he keeps wanting to gasp and groan, suppressing all the noises that threaten to come out until they're nothing but short and bitten-back sounds.

Steve is shaking and also hard by now. Billy drops his eyes down to Steve's dick and he's licking his lips and telling Steve, "go ahead... or are you afraid to?" and, "It's not gonna turn you gay," running on the

thrill of it.

(Of course what he doesn't know is that Steve's already at least 50% gay and definitely *very* much so for Billy)

Steve's just sort of whining in the back of his throat, still trying to get out of the situation, but his cock's throbbing between his legs and there's no way he can make it to toilets elsewhere without anybody noticing and it's not like using one of the locker rooms' toilets gives him any more privacy, because he knows Billy's gonna be listening. He knows Billy will be *talking* to him.

Not to mention that—*shit*—he's so fucking turned on and it's Billy... and Billy's already touching himself, so Steve slowly reaches down. He *sloooooo*ly curls his fingers around his cock and he is still a bit nervous, wonders if it's just some fucking prank Billy's playing on him

Then Billy's eyes sorta ... fall down to his dick, his cheeks flushing and jaw going slack; it obviously turns him on, which in itself is a goddamn turn on to Steve, but it also twists and turns his stomach in the most delicious way, because shit man. Billy? *Queer*? That's a brand-new thought (to Steve anyway).

Billy's eyes are half lid and the smile drops from his mouth as he jerks off a little faster, still staring at Steve's hard cock, at his body. He's quietly moaning and panting and then he's encouraging Steve, "C'mon-*yeah*, do it the way you like it, like when you're on your own."

Steve moans as well and then he says, "Are you into this, Hargrove?" and when Billy nods he continues, "do you like watching boys touch their dicks for you?" Watching Billy sure as hell is doing it for *Steve*, but it's enjoyable to see how far gone Billy is, how aroused—how he's losing control of the situation, rapidly.

Billy fucking shivers and has to still his hand for a moment or he's gonna cum, responding, "only when they're pretty like you." His words come out shaky, giving away how much Steve's affecting him right now. His knees are unstable and shaking, and he tries not to let it show.

Steve grunts, squeezes the head of his dick and then smirks at Billy as he rubs his free fingers across the slit. He finds the slick precum is not all washed away by the water, so he scoops it up and brings it up to his lips, slowly licks it off, watches the way Billy's eyes follow all his movements

That's what does it for Billy—he can't stop the loud moan; his entire body shivers as it locks up, and then he's cumming so hard that Steve can see the twitches of his dick as he spills over his fist and the floor, the mess washing down the drain right away.

Then Steve's cumming as well, desperately trying to stay quiet as he watches Billy come down, stare at him lazily before he shrugs and walks away, leaving Steve there alone as he slowly jerks himself through the aftershocks, wondering if that *really* just happened.

And, more importantly—if it's going to happen again.

3. A Change of View

Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy's POV. She's only looking for Steve but finds him together with Billy.

([Original post](#))

The party is loud but not too, a small end-of-year house gathering with plenty of access to alcohol and good music to dance to. A group of girls is giggling on the makeshift dancefloor in the middle of the room, and the expensive couches are pushed to the sides.

A bunch of jocks is well on their way to get trashed, Jonathan's outside smoking pot and laughing with a couple of stoners, and Nancy knows she should be having fun but she is worried.

It's not Jon. It's not her own buzz-on-the-way-to-drunk. It's not demomonsters or Will or the nightmares she still has at night, it's—

It's that she *can't find Steve*.

She's been looking for him for ten minutes now, she should've found him by now.

There are memories of parties she visited with Steve, of quick fucks in other people's bedrooms or their parents' bedrooms. He's not upstairs now, and she wouldn't *care* so much if she hadn't heard Billy Hargrove arrive on his brand new motorcycle twenty minutes ago.

She hasn't seen Billy in a good ten minutes either.

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Nancy takes another lap walking through the house. She starts upstairs and checks the bathrooms and bedrooms—finds only Tommy and Carol going at it in Kyle's dad's bed. They don't notice her.

Downstairs there's no sight of them either, so she steps out onto the patio. Everybody is still inside which only settles her nerves a little

because a public fight would've caught everybody's attention by now.

Steve told her about what happened while she and Jonathan were... away. The guilt still threatens to swallow her whole sometimes, although Steve promised her *It's okay Nancy, it's fine. Don't feel bad, I don't mind, I understand, it's okay.*

Okay, she repeats the word to herself. She hopes Steve's okay now.

Jonathan sees her and comes up to her, smelling of grass. He's frowning as he asks her, "What's wrong?"

She shrugs and pushes her lips tighter together. "I can't find Steve," she tells him. "And I wouldn't care so much if Billy Hargrove didn't show up."

Jonathan nods, stroking his hand down Nancy's arm before pulling her in for a hug. "Do you want me to help you look for him?" he offers, but she shakes his hand. It's rare to see him relaxed in the company of others—she doesn't want to drag him away from that. It's nice to not have to worry about *him*, at least.

"I'm going to walk around the house," she resolutely decides. "Go back to your friends."

"If you still haven't found him then, come and find me so we'll look for them together."

Look for *them*. Nancy doesn't like the sound of that. Her heart kicks up another beat, panic curling its tendrils around her stomach and making her feel nauseous as she walks faster, out to the pool.

They're not there. They're nowhere near the garage that's in the backyard either, and the forest looms over the garden like a big menacing thing that may have swallowed up Steve. She knows Steve's strong and fast, but she knows Billy is stronger and faster.

She saves the woods for last. Instead, she turns the other direction, to the quiet path winding around the house, looping back to the front yard. There are no teens here, but she can see a pergola, a quiet shaded area to sit and read in summer. It's secluded and she can hear people stumble around, and when she gets closer, someone groans.

That is the moment true fear sets in. She wants to run there but if Billy's beating the shit out of Steve, there's a chance he may target her—so instead she forces herself to walk slowly, quietly, craning her neck to see if it is Billy and Steve.

Her mind is so set upon finding them fighting, that when she finds them it takes her a moment to take in the full situation.

They haven't noticed her.

Billy has Steve backed up against one of the pergola's support beams, and she knows it's Steve because she'd recognize that hair, that shirt everywhere. That *groan* as Billy kisses him harder because Nancy's kissed him and gotten that very same response before.

Steve's hands are wrapped around Billy's waist, one hand firmly cupping Billy's ass. They're grinding together, she thinks, although it's hard to see in the faded light spilling from the windows upstairs and only barely down on the secluded space.

There's no shyness to their behavior. Nothing that makes her doubt the sincerity of the situation—from the way the kiss breaks on Steve's laughter, or the way Billy whispers into Steve's ear and the way his shoulders subsequently relax, pulling Billy closer to him. There's nothing that makes her think this is the first time, or that this will be the last.

She knows it's not her place to spy on them. The thought that they look nice together fleetingly crosses her mind but she pushes it away—it's meant to be a secret. Most of Hawkins wouldn't take kindly to this, and she turns her back to them, walking back to the patio where Jonathan is now taking polaroid pictures of people that gush over his talent.

Nancy laughs and smiles, tells him that Carol said that Suzie said that Steve wasn't feeling well and headed home.

Fifteen minutes later, she hears the roar of Billy's motorbike and knows it's not a lie anymore.

4. Bartender Billy

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [emilylawless](#): Bartender Billy, constantly hit on by straight women who think he's also straight.

([Original post](#))

“What can I get you, darlin’?” Billy drawls at the girl on the other side of the bar.

“I would like a *cocktail*,” she flirts, drawing circles on the bar. She’s wearing a bright pink top and a faux Hawaiian flower necklace. *Doe party*, he thinks. Again.

“We’ve got those here.” He flashes her his widest smile even as he realises she might be drawing a dick with her finger. She must be one of the straight girls that think *gay bar* only means *a place where gay people dance*, not *a place where gay people work*.

“Okay, so—” she looks up at the list that’s hanging on the wall behind Billy. “I would like the sex on the beach. You know, to keep in line with the theme.” She’s raised her eyebrows up high as she pulls at the cheap plastic decorations as well as her shirt, revealing cleavage. Billy lets his eyes linger for a moment, keeping up the pretence that he is flirting back.

It would have worked on a straight guy, he thinks. She’s pretty—but he prefers pretty *boys*.

“Sure thing, sweetheart.” He smiles at her again and takes her money before he mixes up the drink. He can feel her eyes on his ass, checking him out.

It’s becoming a bother, having to serve these girls flocking to the bar like it’s a zoo. Billy may feel a little feral at times, but he’s not a god damn animal. The bar owner has so far refused to kick out straight people on the basis that it is discrimination, that they can’t turn

down the money. Privately Billy can't help but think that a lot more gay people would visit the bar if it wasn't constantly crowded with straight bachelorettes.

When he hands her the cocktail, she lets her fingers linger on Billy's. Winks, smiles some more. Her lip gloss has rubbed off a little and she's a little unstable on her heels.

"I'll be over at my girlfriends', if you want to talk to me." She looks over her shoulder and waves at the gaggle of girls that's half on the dance floor, trying to figure out how to dance like the scantily clad men on the stages around them. They're failing.

God. Billy *hates* these women.

He still smiles at her brilliantly, and she lingers, waiting for—*something*. His number, maybe, or a kiss on her cheek or the time when he'll be done working.

Billy is pleased to see that Steve is still sitting at the bar and catches his eyes. His eyes light up and Billy steps closer—because although he's off work in about an hour, he wants to show these ladies that they're in the wrong place here. There's no use in flirting with Billy or any of the other male employees on staff tonight, and his heart belongs to Steve.

Their kiss provokes some hooting and cheering, and he thinks Mike snaps a picture of them—that'll go on the wall of shame in the bathroom, most of which are just blurry images of Billy and Steve anyway. But Steve's lips are warm and soft, and he's smiling into the kiss, his fingers curling around the back of Billy's head to keep him there just a moment longer, to let him taste the salty aftertaste of one of Billy's splendid margaritas—and the promise of something more.

He's feeling a little breathless when he finally steps back, having received a pat on the back from one of his co-workers needing help.

The girl is gone, and he mouths *love you* at Steve before walking down the bar and meeting with another customer.

5. Billy Is Not A Charity Case

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [emilylawless](#): When Steve and Billy first start getting intimate, Steve goes overboard with buying gifts and flashing the Harrington cash. Billy hates it.

([Original post](#))

The first time it happens is the night after they make love for the first time. Billy is still naked in Steve's bed, one of Steve's arms curled around his waist when Steve reaches over for his bed stand and procures a small wrapped present.

It's weird as *shit*, Billy thinks as he accepts it. Steve must have gone out before, had this planned—or worse, he keeps shit in his drawer for everyone he fucks with. It makes him feel like a god damn sex worker, not someone in a *relationship*.

Still. He does what is appropriate, which is to unwrap it and find a plain silver ring. It's the right size so at least Steve specifically got it for him, and he slides it on and fakes a smile, quickly kissing Steve after so he doesn't realize Billy's not into it.

The next time it happens is a few days later, and it's a first edition of a book Steve says he saw and thought Billy might like. He's never heard of the author before—and while he does like reading the book, the fact it's a first-edition pisses him off. Anger swells like poison in his guts and he tries to swallow it away swallow down the acid, but it's harder this time around.

Next, it's a necklace, then a ridiculous bouquet of a hundred red roses doused in gold dust delivered to his door, and then Steve offers to pay for the car mechanic so Billy can get the dents the demodogs left in his car door fixed and put on a new coat of paint. It puts pressure on their relationship, and the more Billy tries to keep his anger to himself, the more Steve realizes he's upset about something and brings him even more elaborate, expensive gifts.

The breaking point comes when he does it after sex again. There's something about Steve saying, "this ticket to the Bahamas for the summer holidays" that makes him snap.

He crawls out of the bed and starts to dress, taking a few deep breaths before he says, "I don't want your fucking *gifts*, Steve." He fumbles with his belt for a moment before giving up and staring at Steve, who looks at him shocked. His head feels full of rage, his stomach a big ball of magma that's going to erupt fucking *now*. "I don't want to feel like you're—like you're paying me to be with you, or like I'm some sort of fucking charity case? I can work to get my car fixed, I'd be happy with any edition of a book I only want to *read*, and rings are like—shit. You know, for weddings or shit."

He takes a moment to catch his breath and then continues to get dressed. If Steve doesn't respond, Billy doesn't want to be near him right now.

However, Steve *does* react. He gets up from the bed, looking sad in a way that stops Billy in his tracks before wrapping him in a hug.

"I'm sorry," he mutters. "I didn't realize that's what made you uncomfortable."

"Ugh," Billy says as his anger melts away like snow in the sun—slowly but visibly, and more than a little messy. He can feel himself relax in Steve's arms regardless. "Just—don't. I just want *you*."

"Okay," Steve promises. "I won't—I want you, I just want you to feel good, babe."

"Thank you" Billy sighs, finally allowing himself to hug Steve back. It's wonderful, the horrible stress and frustration he'd been feeling for weeks now gone.

"So, are you coming back to bed?" Steve asks him, and Billy nods, allowing Steve to take off his clothes again so they can curl up naked, together under the duvet.

6. 3 + 1 Versatile Sex

Summary for the Chapter:

Sometimes Billy bottoms. Sometimes Steve does.
That is, after Billy loses his virginity.

([Original post](#))

Billy pretends to be all bravado when it comes to sex. Steve believes it at first, amazed by Billy's stories and hanging off his lips—but after their first fumbled hand job where Billy cums the moment Steve pulls his dick from his pants, his secret is out in the open. Everything he knows is from stories that his faux-friends have told him, dirty magazines—from that one tape he watched, once, with his hand down his pants.

Steve doesn't put any pressure on him to do anything. He talks about making it special, taking it slow and sweet—and that is the moment Billy knows that whatever this is between them? It's more than friends with benefits.

Yet, not putting pressure on it doesn't mean he doesn't *talk* about stuff. At some point Steve starts whispering in his ear about how they should fuck, and Billy can tell that Steve would love to fuck him. After jacking Billy off while talking about fingering him open and filling him up with his dick, he says, "You can fuck me first, that would be fine by me, baby."

It's a nice sentiment with Steve's intrinsic gallantry shining through—but Billy wants Steve to fuck *him*. God, he gets off with his fingers up his ass most of the time and figures, *this can only be better than that, right?*

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The first time they try is when Steve's parents are away. They've had to wait a couple of weeks for the opportunity, but they had pizza delivered, ate ice cream and showered together. Steve stood behind Billy, slowly rubbing his dick against his ass until Billy couldn't take

it anymore, the friction against his hole *so* good—but not *enough*.

Soon, Billy is laying on his back on Steve's expensive bed while Steve sits between his spread legs, fingering him. It's slow and intense because he wants Billy to be prepped perfectly *and* to make it *good*. The plan is that Steve fucks him when Billy is wet and loose, that they spend ages together like that, kissing and moving slowly.

Things don't go to plan—but when do they ever, in Hawkins, Indiana. Steve locates Billy's prostate and fucks him with his fingers, deep and good—the angle is better than when he does this to himself, and Billy doesn't anticipate the build of his orgasm this fast. He's a little surprised when suddenly the pleasure swells inside his stomach, and before he can warn Steve he's cumming. He loses it all over his own belly, dick twitching hard as he spills cum onto tensed up muscles, and Steve can only stare in amazement as he continues to slowly fuck Billy with his fingers. He never even got close to Billy's cock.

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The second time Steve doesn't spend as long getting Billy ready. Even so, Billy cums when Steve pushes the head of his dick to his hole, crying out because it feels *so good*. The anticipation got to him, that's all, the feeling—the idea that Steve's finally inside of him. That's when he tells Steve to keep going.

Steve pushes in slowly and doesn't get much more than an inch in before he cums inside Billy. He groans as he watches his dick pulse, riding out his orgasm and only very slowly pushing in a little further, just so his cum won't spill out of Billy right away.

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The third time Steve has Billy prep himself. Steve watches as he tries not to touch his own cock, because seeing Billy slowly push his fingers into himself, stretching his hole, is almost enough to do him in.

This time Billy is in control, hovering over Steve with hand on Steve's dick so he can guide him in. It is fantastic for both. Billy sinks all the way down, then gives them some time to adjust to the feeling—just

so they don't cum in 3 seconds *again*.

Then he starts to move his hips, riding Steve as slow as he can bear to. He feels more full than he ever has, and it is satisfying as hell.

Steve has to work hard not to cum while Billy tries to find the right angle—because all he wants, all he *needs* is Steve's dick pressing right up against his prostate. Once he does, it doesn't take long before he groans, "Fuck, I'm gonna *cum*."

So, Steve reaches for Billy's dick, swirling his thumb across the wet head, and then Billy is spilling over Steve's hand, Steve's arm and his stomach.

Steve doesn't need more than that to cum inside Billy, sighing as he pushes his hips up a little, pleasure shooting through his body (and into Billy's).

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Initially, Steve's not as into bottoming as Billy because he's not used to having two thick fingers up his ass. Billy, however, is dead set on making him cum without touching his cock.

It takes a while before he finds Steve's prostate, but he knows when he does because Steve groans and whimpers when he does. So, he starts to fuck Steve with his fingers, aiming for his prostate, slowly increasing the pressure.

Steve is going all flushed and sweaty, trying to push back on Billy's fingers until he's breathlessly begging for "more, more, more of *that*" whenever he pushes his fingers against Steve's prostate. Billy eventually stops the in-and-out motions and just rubs that little spot inside of Steve.

Steve is falling apart under his hands, unable to keep still. Precum is dripping from his dick, trailing down to his stomach. Then he's climaxing, his hips twitching up into the air on each squeeze of muscles, pumping out more cum. Billy keeps up the pressure and watches as the big white drops roll from Steve's dick, pooling on his lower belly.

Finally, Steve relaxes back onto the bed, so Billy slips his fingers out and wipes them off the bed. He leans over him to lick up the thick cum while looking at Steve.

After that, he gets up and jacks off across Steve's chest—with Steve looking up at him sleepy and satisfied. Soon, Billy is too.

7. Gay Pride

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by anonymous: harringrove at pride in the 80s/90s for the first time !

([Original post](#))

When Steve takes his hand, Billy still feels inclined to shrug him off. It's a long-practiced habit, the self-preservation that comes from a few too-close encounters with violent fists. Of living in a town where people accepted they were gay, thought they made a nice couple, as long as they kept all of that business behind closed doors.

Now, his stomach flutters as he realizes he doesn't have to do any of that. The people around them are dressed in bright colors, neon booty shorts and crop tops and glitter. Guys dressed in leather and ass-less chaps have grouped together and Billy can see Steve trying not to stare. And even so—it is seeing the two men that walk in front of them kiss and not be harassed that eases some of the tight band around Billy's chest—an anxiety he hadn't realized was there. He folds his fingers around Steve's and pulls him a little closer, lets him weave through the crowd.

They watch the pride parade with Steve pushed to Billy's back. He has his arms curled around Billy's waist and his chin leaning on his shoulder. Billy watches, laughs and feels amazed—but he's most fascinated by getting to feel Steve draped across his back, marking them as a couple in a crowd that doesn't care. That is also the reason he turns around in Steve's arms halfway through the parade, pulling on his collar and brushing their lips together. It is liberating to be allowed to put their love on display—and that is what makes them grin into each other. It takes a while before they get past that and move into the kiss.

8. Billy and the Monster Cock

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy buys a demodildo. It ends up a bit more dangerous than warranted. Horror/crackfic!

([Original post](#))

Notes for the Chapter:

This drabble is dedicated to Nico [thebilliamhargrove](#) :)

Billy doesn't know what possessed him. He saw the toy in the shop—the first dildo he'd ever seen in Hawkins, Indiana—and had to get it. It felt like it was calling out to him, personally. Now, he's never had anything this big up his ass; he'll have to stretch himself and even after that the idea of shoving a fistful of plastic up that part of himself is vaguely intimidating. Still. More than that, it's *sexy*.

He's not sure what this *demothing* means—it looks like it could be a demon's dick. Maybe it is.

When he pulls it from the package, it feels weirdly rubbery; almost like skin. There are intricate bumps along the shaft and for the first time he realizes the head doesn't have a single slit like a human penis, but two that form a cross. The detail on this thing is *incredible*. The colors blend together in subtle swirls, browns and greens and faint hues of purple, and the base contains not testicles but a thick ring that he can't wait to sink his ass down onto.

He preps himself with three fingers at once, grimacing only a little at the stretch. He uses Crisco. Then he grabs the biggest dong already in his possession and fucks himself loose on that until he's about to cum, hard as a rock. All the time, the demodong is standing on his nightstand, out and proud—but at least he's keeping his bedroom door locked. It should be fine. It *will* be fine if only he can get it up his butt.

“You’re a *hole* other ball game, hmm,” Billy smirks to himself as he finally grips the demodildo. It feels a little more rigid than before, so he’s not sure whether he gauged its flaccidity correctly before. For a moment he’d worried about it being hard enough to fuck but feeling it now it definitely *is*.

God. He’s so ready for this big bad buttfucker. He slowly slides the old faded pink dildo from his asshole, listening to the wet squelch and *pop* as it slides free. He applies some more Crisco to the head of the demodildo, fat globs of white that he pretends is Steve’s cum, and then pushes it to his throbbing hole.

Crouching on the floor so he can rest the dildo beneath him, Billy slowly sinks down onto the cross-slitted head. It’s big, and while he already knew that, it feels bigger now he’s trying to insert it into himself. He wiggles a little, circling his hips, and while breathing out he inches down.

When the head is in, he takes a moment to compose himself. The stretch burns, although he doesn’t hate it. The fullness feels fucking awesome—and he reaches down to trail his fingers across his stretched rim meeting the bumpy shaft of the demodestroyer. If only it doesn’t destroy his asshole entirely—he only wants to be wrecked metaphorically, not physically. Not to that extent.

Then he sinks down a little lower, bit by bit until he’s got the demodick halfway up his ass and he can’t get it in any further. He feels like there’s a band around his chest that makes it harder to breathe and the head is firmly pushing against his prostate. The material makes it feel like it is moving a little even though he has remained mostly stationary so far, so all Billy needs to do is rock back and forth a little. It amplifies the massaging feelings inside his ass, against that spot, and he grabs his dick so he can jack off—he’s almost ready to cum anyway. *God*, he loves being fucked.

Suddenly it feels like the dildo swells inside of him, big and huge like a flower opening, and Billy gasps as he cums across the floor, dick twitching hard as it shoots out load after load. Then he falls backward, lying on the floor with the toy still inside of him.

It takes a moment before he realizes something is *very* wrong. It still

feels like something is wriggling, deep inside his belly. Reaching down to the dildo, he thinks it's in deeper than it was before—and that's not good, that's not what he expected.

He knows he needs to get it out, so he starts to pull at the base of the dildo. It won't move initially until he smacks on it in a moment of desperation. Billy is starting to hear muffled sounds like high pitched shrieking, and he's starting to panic, breaking out in a cold sweat. It feels like he's giving birth, pain tearing through his ass as he finally yanks the monster dick from his body—only to find that the cross-slit has opened, showing a gaping mouth with many tiny teeth.

“Motherfucker,” Billy curses loudly, trying to get away from it as it flops around on his floor. Little tentacles protrude from its base, so it's scurrying around, and he jumps onto his bed and grabs a lamp in defense.

The demomonster screeches at him again, and Billy screams back. It tries to jump up onto the bed and he crashes the lamp into its head, and while it knocks out the thing for a moment long enough that Billy can put on pants, it's not *dead*. Upon its next screech, he can hear someone stumble around in the corridor and then Max is pulling at the door knob, knocking and shouting, “Are you okay? Billy, Billy?”

“Fuck off, Max,” he shouts back but he's sure she can hear the terror in his voice.

There's more stumbling while Billy grabs his chair and smacks that onto the thing's head, and then she's talking through the door again. “Just hang on, Steve's on his way!”

“What the fuck—does Steve have to do with this bullshit? Is this some fucking prank?” Billy screams as the monster charges towards him again. *Blam*, he slams it on the head with his chair again. This amount of blunt force trauma *should* constitute brain damage, but it barely seems to affect the fucking thing.

“Steve knows!” is all Max says, leaving Billy to wonder what, exactly, Steve knows. Does he know about the dildo? About Billy being into him? There's little time left to wonder; he manages to hold off the

thing a little longer, once by slamming it with the chair again until the wood shatters and splinters and then with the boot he's managed to pull on, kicking it across the floor like a fucking football. It slams against the wall with another squeak, and Billy takes a moment to catch his breath.

"Billy?" he hears then. Steve sounds out of breath and his knocking is insistent. "You okay?"

Billy pulls open the door and finds Steve stand there with the god damn bat Max tried to castrate him with. His mind flashes back to that night—the nerds together, how the house looked, the way they'd knocked out Billy with some medicine they apparently had lying around, the bat, the haggard looks on their faces—

And he stares at Max because now he knows what she was talking about when she mentioned Steve knowing, and he knows that *she* knows, too. Her eyes are wide, and her face is pale, but she seems relieved to see Billy still unscathed.

Then he turns to Steve, who's entering the room and staring at the knocked-out demodildo. Fuck, Billy had that thing up his *ass*. He shivers as he thinks about it. Closer to a *double fuck* when he realizes there's still a splatter of cum on the floor—and he hopes Steve won't notice it.

Steve whistles, twirling the bat in his hand as he says, "That's one I haven't seen before. It's *tiny*." For a moment Billy fears he's going to crouch down and pet it (which would be wrong in *so many ways*) but then Steve takes a step back, plants his feet, and lands the spiked bat on the monster.

Black goop splatters onto the wall and the floor, and it stops wriggling after a few moments, going limp with its body pierced on the nails. Its beak hangs open, and Steve shakes it off the bat before turning to face Billy and Max.

"No big deal," he shrugs. "But how did that thing get in here, anyway? I thought the Upside Down was closed?" He looks at Max, who shrugs too.

Then Steve's eyes are on Billy, big and inquisitive, and Billy resigns himself to a very awkward conversation.

"Max, can you go to your room?" he asks. "Or to your friends, I don't care," he adds belatedly, to increase the odds of her listening. She nods and runs off, while Steve continues to look at Billy—more curious now.

Billy is in for a fuckton of omission although he doubts he can escape full embarrassment. He takes a deep breath and starts to talk. "So, I was in the woods, and—"

9. Heaven Isn't A Place On Earth

Summary for the Chapter:

Warning: Major character death (only this drabble).

Inspired by [this drabble](#) by [thebilliamhargrove](#).

Steve dies at the age of 61. It's not a bad death.

([Original post](#))

Steve dies at the age of 61. It is a heart attack, while drinks a cup of coffee on the back porch of his home. The weather is sunny, there is a slight breeze, and if someone had been with him he might have been saved. Instead, Dustin finds him a day later, with a smile on his pale face—and while it's fucking sad that one of his best friends has died, he feels placated that at least it's over for Steve now. He's found his way out of the nightmares, night terrors, the flashbacks that come with the unbreakable bond all of them have to the Upside Down; the thing that ruined their lives, that has managed to kill before and will again.

Steve doesn't expect life after death to exist. He stays in his chair as he feels the pain in his arm and the surge of nausea and smiles into the sun because the motherfucking Mind Flayer can't get to him now. He anticipates darkness, an all-consuming emptiness like there was before he was born, or like going under full anesthesia. Instead, it's light and it feels like he is standing in soft sand. Someone says his name, and then again, and it is so alienating to hear that voice—one he'd thought he'd forgotten about a long time ago but that resonates with him in a way nothing else has.

Billy steps into his view and he's young and healthy—not a day older than seventeen. And when Steve looks down at his hands, his wrinkles have gone; his nails are clean, and he doesn't need his glasses to see Billy clearly. He lets his lungs expand, inhaling deeply, and then Billy's arms wrap around his waist and pull him into a hug. He didn't expect to be crying in death, but the tears come anyway, streaming down his cheeks and soaking into Billy's shirt.

"You asshole," Billy laughs through his tears. "Had to outlive me by forty fucking years." Steve smiles too as he pulls back a little, looking at Billy. His mullet looks hideously outdated, nothing like what the youths these days would be into—but Steve likes it. It doesn't make him feel old, it makes him feel *young* like he's been transported back into time. "Forty-two, actually," he corrects Billy. "Were you waiting here all the time?" "Only when the demodogs came back," Billy shrugs. "That time you nearly fell asleep at the wheel." He looks at Steve intently, his blue eyes softening—and there's something like wisdom in there that Steve hadn't seen before. Something that makes him believe Billy has lived those forty years too, even in death. "Only when you came close to dying. When the universe thought you might need—" Billy shrugs. Steve nods, a sea of calm washing over him. "You knew, then." "I saw you," Billy swallows hard, nods. "I'm glad you didn't go through with it, when you had the pills in your mouth I thought—"

Steve sighs and finds Billy's hand wrapping around his own. He's gentle but guiding as he steps towards the corner of the space—although Steve wouldn't call it a room, necessarily, nor is the entrance they pass quite a door. Nothing feels real, and yet he feels more present than he has in the forty-two years since losing Billy.

"I felt a hand, on my shoulder," Steve says. Billy nods. "Where are we going?"

"You'll see," Billy says, expression brightening right away. "It's good, it's a good place."

Steve lingers, looks back for a last moment. He can see his own body still sitting in the chair; he can feel how he's pulled away from that scene and into the next—and decides that forty-two years is long enough. He knows it's supposedly the answer to the universe, and he's never understood that. The only significance in it is that he needs to tell Billy, and he needs the answer he's waited for all those years.

"I'm in love with you," he says, and it comes out more forlorn than he'd anticipated. Billy turns back and smirks. "I know, pretty boy," he tells Steve, stepping closer again. This time his hands find Steve's hips. "I knew before—I. I definitely knew here."

Steve nods, putting his arms around Billy's shoulders. They're shaky, trembling—he feels feelings surge like he hasn't in far too long; happiness, the giddy excitement that makes his mouth dry and metaphysical heart stutter.

Billy leans in and Steve kisses back.

10. Billy and the Monster Cock (2)

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [thebilliamhargrove](#): Demodildo.

([Original post](#))

Notes for the Chapter:

A sequel to Billy And The Monster Cock (1)

“Ugh,” Billy sighs, lifting himself off Steve’s dick. Billy can feel the wet squelch of Steve’s cum between his legs, but his own dick is still throbbing hard.

“What is it?” Steve hums, stroking his hand down Billy’s side. He looks a little worried, although the post-orgasm bliss clearly has only just set in.

Billy hums as he grabs some tissues and wipes between his legs. He’s not sure he wants to say it—not sure he *can*. It’s embarrassing.

“Billy?” Steve presses on, pulling Billy down so he can kiss him. “Was it bad? ... Was *I* bad?”

“No! No,” Billy protests, groaning as he rubs his dick against Steve’s belly. He feels empty—he needs more, *more*, and tonight he feels *insatiable*. More, far more than usual.

His dick twitches as he remembers that one night before they got together—before his dildo turned monster. The way he felt so full, almost gagging on it, like it wasn’t just his ass but his entire body that was being stimulated.

“Can I do something for you?” Steve asks and Billy doesn’t want to say but he needs, needs—*needs*.

“Your fingers, *fuck*,” Billy mutters. He can feel Steve’s hand slide down his back and find his ass, still wet enough to slide in easily. Two, then three, and he clenches around them but it’s not

enough. "More," he mutters. "*More.*"

Steve tries, he does, and then he flips Billy to his back. "I'm not hurting you, am I?"

Billy shakes his head, licks his lips. "Under the bed," he says. "Is a box. Grab it."

When Steve pulls his fingers out, Billy pushes in his own. He feels empty, and he could cum like this—but he wants what that *thing* gave him. That all-encompassingness of it all, how it swallowed all of Billy's thoughts and feelings.

Steve grabs the box and pulls out the toy before Billy can warn him. He stills for a moment, takes it out and then stares at Billy. It's a long minute before Steve finally speaks—half-laughs, in fact, throwing the toy onto the bed.

"You kinky motherfucker," he tells Billy, and then he leans in to kiss him again. There is no true judgement behind his words—

And Steve helps Billy fuck himself into oblivion on the toy, stretching his asshole and filling him up, sucking down his dick the second before he cums and all Billy can do is moan and moan and moan in bliss until everything goes black.

11. Hair Pulling

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [SaChanPwns](#): Hairpulling ;) (I DON'T CARE IF IT'S TECHNICALLY TWO WORDS. I am making it ONE)

([Original post](#))

Steve doesn't realize what's happening right away. Of course, he rarely does—but this is different.

They're fighting again, out on the football field. Steve can feel the blood from his nose pour down his face, into his mouth and the fabric of his shirt. Billy tries to punch him but Steve's grabbed his hair, keeps his face arched back and—

Billy goes slack-jawed and wide-eyed, staring up at Steve with something like reverence. Fight rushes from his body and Steve wonders if he's hurt Billy before things click into place.

He tugs again, short and sharp, he feels Billy's dick twitch against the back of his thigh.

"Fucking hell," Steve mutters under his breath. His fingers tingle with the power he can almost imagine coursing through them, from somewhere deep inside him to the pads that brush Billy's scalp as he prepares for another tug.

This time Billy's entire body arches up, into him, hips bucking as his hands scramble over Steve's muddy legs. It doesn't take long before Billy's cum has soaked through his own shorts and into Steve's, letting them stick against his skin.

He looks down, notices for the first time just how *visible* his own dick is. When he glances back up at Billy, Billy asks, "You gonna do something about that, or do you still need someone to *teach* you?"

It's not the nagging tone that lets Steve shiver. It's the hoarse edge Steve knows is there because Billy just came, and because Billy came

because of *him*.

Well. Shit.

12. Prostate

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by anonymous: Prostate

([Original post](#))

“Nancy and I tried and I swear to god, it’s *fake*,” Steve laughs harder, clutching the cool beer in his hand. The music around them is loud, the people are sweaty and he is drunk. God, he’s so drunk.

“What’s fake, Harrington?” Billy’s voice comes from his side. Steve’s pretty sure he’s been eavesdropping long enough to know exactly what Steve was talking about.

“Nothing,” he says. He still doesn’t want to discuss his sex life with Billy. “Nothing at all.”

“Didn’t sound like it,” Billy says, wrapping a hot arm around Steve’s shoulders. “Tell me.” He can smell the beer on Billy’s breath and realizes he’s probably drunker than Steve is.

“No,” he says, although his resolve is quickly crumbling. Billy is distracting up close—his eyes a piercing blue that leaves Steve unsettled.

“Come on, pretty boy.” Billy’s voice has dropped to a whisper in Steve’s ear and he can feel the thrill low in his stomach, that illicit heat he can’t seem to shake whenever Billy is near.

“Prostate,” Steve mutters. “We were talking about like, prostates? That apparently, like, stimulation can make you cum?”

“Mmm,” Billy licks his lips. For a moment, his gaze drops down to Steve’s lips and the heat intensifies.

“And—Nancy and I tried. To. We tried to find it.” Steve nods resolutely and tries to step away from Billy. Get something more to drink, maybe sit with Jonathan out in the back for some pot. He needs it, needs something.

“So you decided it’s fake just because she couldn’t find your sweet spot?” Billy smirks. “I thought hanging out with the geeks would’ve taught you that scientific research with just one test subject is a bad research.”

Steve looks at Billy again. Billy is looking right back at him, and he can feel the burn of those eyes spread in his stomach, his cock plumping up in his jeans. He wants to say something, but it’s like he can’t snap from the moment. Like he needs it to go on a little longer, like he needs a little more.

Billy takes over. He starts walking, arm still around Steve’s shoulders. They go up the stairs and the heat in Steve’s stomach burns hotter. His heart is thundering in his chest, and then they’re in a room and he’s got Billy’s body under his hands, pushing his clothes out of the way even as they bite at each others mouths.

“Fuck,” Billy whimpers as Steve pushes him towards the bed. He’s got his hands on Steve’s ass, digging in, and Steve grinds their groins together after they’ve collapsed on the mattress, biting and sucking on Billy’s neck.

He lifts his hips so Billy can push down his jeans and get his ass free, his dick. Billy’s fingers slide between his ass cheeks and Steve groans, closing his eyes. It’s teasing but not hesitant like Billy knows what he’s doing. Steve’s mind fills with images of Billy doing this to himself, to hot girls, to hot *guys*.

He grinds down, the fabric of Billy’s jeans chafing against his dick. He reaches down, helps Billy get naked too, and then Billy pushes him onto his back. The sheets are cool against his back, soft. Billy lays down next to him, not *entirely* on top, and slides his hand up Steve’s thigh. Steve lets his thighs open up, staring at Billy’s jawline, the way his kiss-red mouth has dropped open.

“I’ll show you,” Billy mutters. “Shit isn’t fake—I’ll make you feel good.”

Steve nods, and then Billy is reaching down for his jeans. He pulls out a small package—Steve’s first thought is that it’s a condom but that seems weird, out of place. Instead, Billy tears it open with his teeth,

spitting out the foil corner in his mouth, and squeezes lube onto his fingers.

It feels weird. Different from when he was with Nancy, when they were both giggling and awkward about it. Billy feels in control of what he's doing, like he's done it a thousand times before—and Steve wouldn't be surprised now if he had.

Billy slowly fucks him with his fingers—and it does feel that way, like Billy's fucking him, his hips even moving in time with the thrust of his hand. Steve can feel Billy's precum smear wet and sticky across his side.

Worry is starting to set in, though, after a while—maybe he's weird. Maybe he just doesn't *have* a prostate. Maybe Billy is doing this on purpose, just to fucking mess with him—

and Billy must've noticed Steve tensing, because he leans closer and kisses him. It's softer this time, and Steve relaxes; the slide of Billy's fingers isn't awkward anymore and then it becomes *nice*, something he'd like to do again, even without a prostate. Without cumming, although he thinks he might—might need to reach down his hand at some point.

Then Billy finds it and Steve's hips jerk up as he moans. It's an unstoppable sound coming from deep inside him, from the place Billy's pushing his fingers against. It's unlike anything he's felt, but Billy pushes against it again and the rush of pleasure goes right to his head.

"You like that?" Billy smirks, and Steve takes in a shaky breath.

"Fuck you, Hargrove," he tries to snap. Instead, he sounds desperate and Billy immediately increases pressure, getting a rhythm going that is going to ruin Steve.

He barely hears Billy say, "Maybe later," before his brain quits.

Instead, he rides the waves of pleasure, his dick dripping precum down on his stomach in a way he never has before. His body is heating up and heating up, the coil inside his stomach tightening and

it feels so good, so good, and then Billy is kissing him.

That's how Steve tips over the edge, moaning into Billy's mouth as he cums all over his stomach, his dick twitching hard as Billy continues to rub his finger across his prostate. Finally, Steve reaches down, strokes himself through the last of the shocks and then rests his hand on his balls.

His fingers brush against Billy's wrist and he blinks, looking at Billy. Billy looks amazed, and Steve realizes Billy's skin is flushed from his cheeks to his chest.

"Fucking *hell*," Billy utters, slowly pulling out his fingers. Steve shifts a little in place, adjusting to the feeling while Billy uses the sheets to wipe off most of the lube.

Steve nods. Then he frowns, looking at Billy. "I don't know—is there an etiquette to this? Do I need to get you off too?"

"Would you, if I asked?" Billy looks at him like he expects Steve to say *no*.

"Yeah, sure," Steve says. He has to wiggle his hips a little, still feeling the wet lube on his ass. It's a little distracting and for a brief moment he considers asking Billy to fuck him—but no. He's not ready for that, he can't do that.

Billy shrugs. "Sorry, man. Not now." Steve studies the look on Billy's face, the strange mix of embarrassment and elation—and then looks down to find he doesn't need to get Billy off because he already came. Milky liquid is smeared up Steve's ribcage and side that he didn't notice in the heat of the moment, some running down and absorbed by the comforter.

"Okay," Steve nods. "Yeah." He feels awkward suddenly, naked in a way he didn't with Billy's fingers up his ass. So he gets up, finds his clothes and starts to get dressed.

Billy watches him from the bed, still naked. His dick lies limp between his legs and like this, he looks like a Greek god. "So, Harrington," he says lazily, licking his lips again. "Still think prostate

stimulation is fake?”

Steve snorts out a laugh, shakes his head. “No, and thanks for that. I should probably get back out there, though.”

“Yeah,” Billy agrees. “Yeah, that’s better.” He starts to pull his clothes towards him and Steve waits until Billy’s got on underwear before opening the door. “See ya later, pretty boy,” Billy drawls.

“Yeah, whatever,” Steve mutters.

13. Felching (?)

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by anonymous: felching

([Original post](#))

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm going to start this one with a not-so-short disclaimer, because I have absolutely no idea what I am writing about. I had to look up what 'felching' means, and my first instinct was to, um. Let's just say I wanted to call the first thing that popped into my head 'capri cum'. And I'm glad (and you should be) that I didn't do that. I also don't think this officially counts as felching, necessarily... but I don't think I can do more than this without getting weirded out.

They've been fucking around for a while when Billy first eats out Steve after they fuck.

It's out of the blue. One moment Billy stills, cumming inside of Steve, and the next he's kissing his way down Steve's body. Steve is rock hard and he thinks Billy is going to give him a blow job and then Billy doesn't.

Instead he props Steve up a little higher, spreads his legs and closes his mouth over Steve's ass.

"Billy," Steve groans, and then he feels the suction. "*Billy*, Jesus!" He wants to ask what, he wants to ask *why*, but it feels too good to continue thinking about it so instead he reaches for his dick.

He can feel Billy's tongue pushing in, can feel Billy lick up the mess; clean his own cum out of Steve's ass, and Steve wants to think it's weird, wants to think that he can push away Billy, but it feels good; wet and warm and hot, and then he starts to fuck Steve's ass with his tongue.

“Oh Jesus,” Steve groans.

His hand stills on his dick as his body tenses, thigh squeezing together with Billy’s head still between them. He can’t help it, his body locking up as he cums all over his own belly.

-

Billy licks that mess up, too.

14. Hair Dye

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [runs-in-the-family](#): hair dye

([Original post](#))

“Jesus, Billy, close your eyes,” Steve mutters. Billy’s in his room, sitting on a chair with a towel around his neck, because he decided that to dress as John Bender he had to dye his hair.

Steve called bullshit from the start—he knows Billy loves getting his hair played with. This is just another fucking excuse because he just can’t seem to ask Steve outright.

“Fuck you,” Billy bites back at him, but his eyes slip closed. Steve looks at the tube with dye-mix he’s holding. It looks terrible, lighter than he feels it should if it’s supposed to end up brown. He has plastic gloves—he thinks Billy got them from Carol, maybe—and very little faith in this ending up all right.

“I just don’t want you to go blind, man,” he tells Billy. It’s ridiculous, he tells himself. The most ridiculous thing he’s ever done. He doesn’t even see why Billy needs his hair brown for this.

“It’s temporary dye, you ditz,” Billy mutters. “Stop worrying, it’ll be fine.”

“Oh fuck off,” Steve rolls his eyes, glad that Billy can’t see. He starts by combing Billy’s hair because he feels like he should. It looks softer and slightly less fluffy without all the hairspray in it, curling around his fingers before he squeezes the tube.

It smells rank as it pours across Billy’s hair, but Billy doesn’t seem to mind. Steve sighs and tries his best; he smears it everywhere, even using the comb to part Billy’s hair and get the roots. He’s seen Carol do this with her friends a few times while he was drinking with Tommy before heading off to a party.

This is different. Not in the least because Billy quietly moans when

Steve's halfway through, and Steve can see his dick get hard through the flimsy cotton of his underwear.

"Really?" he asks incredulously. "Billy, you know that if you want me to do whatever—touch your hair—I can do that without needing a bullshit excuse."

"It's not an excuse, pretty boy," Billy sighs, leaning back a little and sliding his hand down his chest. He lets it hover above the waistband of his underwear. "Just want to be the best fucking Bender I can be."

"Sure," Steve grumbles, getting on with the dyeing process. "Can't help you out now, though. My hands are nasty."

Billy snorts. "Your hands are perfect," he says. Steve feels him still for a moment, then shift. "Just keep going, man. It'll be fine. Just don't, like, miss a patch."

"I'll try, I'll try," Steve tells him.

He continues smearing the goop around until he thinks most of Billy's hair is covered and then leaves to throw the gloves into the bathroom trash can. When he gets back Billy, not surprisingly, has his dick out.

Steve ignores him, landing on his bed instead, and Billy glares at him.

"I don't want dye all over my room, you fucking airhead," he tells him. "You can wait 'til it's washed out."

-

Billy ends up dragging him into the shower where Steve rakes his hands through Billy's hair without gloves this time, feeling the goop wash out under the water.

He's not sure how well the brown shows up; Billy's hair goes dark when it's wet. instead he pours out plenty of shampoo, massaging Billy's scalp and trying to clean the edges where the dye shows up on his skin.

Billy keeps his eyes closed and his head tilted back without Steve asking him, his dick hard against Steve's hip, so Steve leans in and

kisses down his jaw before slipping a soapy finger across his chest, scratching his nipple.

Billy groans then, reaching for his dick, so Steve finds the spot at the back of Billy's head that he knows feels best, just because it makes him moan loudest. It works now, too, Billy's cum splashing against Steve's belly before it's washed down the drain along with the water and dye.

"Thanks," Billy mutters, biting his bottom lip for a moment.

Steve takes the opportunity and leans in for a kiss. It's quiet and sweet and wonderful for exactly *five* seconds before Billy's hand finds Steve's dick. And that—that's good too.

15. Goosebumps

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [superlepatto](#): goosebumps

([Original post](#))

Steve didn't close his curtains properly. Billy knows this because a thin strip of moonlight falls into the room, covering it in a ghostly blue hue. The carpet is soft under his bare feet and Hawkins is quiet, so quiet at night.

He can hear Steve's breath, watches Steve observe him from where he's lying on the bed.

"Do you want the lights off?" Steve whispers as Billy steps closer. "Or on?"

"On," Billy decides. He wants to *see*.

Steve nods; the light blinds them momentarily. Billy finds himself crawl over Steve, admiring his body—the soft edges to the hard muscle underneath, dark moles scattered across his pale skin like sprawling foreign galaxies, the way his chest moves with his breath; faster as Billy reaches out to touch.

He asks, "Can I?" and Steve nods. Billy can see the hitch of Steve's muscle when he brushes his fingertips across his ribs.

Steve's body is warm and wonderful; when Billy traces his fingers across his hipbone, Steve moans quietly. Goosebumps break out across his skin as Billy continues his way, touching along his thighs and the insides of his knees, finding the sensitive places; then marking the path back up with his mouth.

It's gentle and soft, it's unlike anything he has done before, taking his time exploring Steve's body. Not his cock or ass—although there will be time for that later. It's about the places that make Steve all that Billy wants; he could get *dick* anywhere.

But not the constellations or the timbre of his voice. Not the way he reaches for Billy, slipping a hand into his neck and pulling him close for a kiss. No one could kiss Billy the way Steve does, deep and gentle, not a hint of fight in there as he pushes Billy over. No one else would get goosebumps the way Steve does, or be able to send shivers down Billy's spine with a brush of teeth across his lips and chin.

Steve pushes him into the mattress, grinding his hips down, and even those movements are slow and careful. Nothing *calculated*, it feels organic, but there's something about the way their bodies move together that makes it work, not in a champagne-and-fireworks kind of way but like a beautiful sunset across the ocean. This too Billy wants every day.

They rub together until they're overflowing; Steve cums first, moaning into the kiss. Billy follows soon after, pulling Steve close to him, kissing him as he spills between their bellies. Even his orgasm is slow and drawn out, an abyss of bliss that he wants to drown in.

Steve kisses him again after, and then again. They clean up using washcloths in Steve's en-suite bathroom and Billy makes fun of the Harrington opulence although he's not going to complain.

Then they slip back into the bed, under the comforter this time. Steve curls his arm around Billy's waist and pulls him close, burying his nose in Billy's hair.

Billy slips his hand over Steve's, weaving his fingers between Steve's. Then they sleep.

16. Thick

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [hoppnhorn](#): thick

([Original post](#))

“Hey,” Steve whispers in Billy’s ear. “Just watch. C’mon–look up.”

He tries to be gentle, coaxing Billy’s gaze upwards until he sees himself in the mirror. Immediately his eyes dart away, and Steve tries not to sigh. He knows if he does, Billy is going to hear the frustration there and take it the wrong way.

“Fuck off,” he tells Steve, backing into him. Steve wraps his arm around Billy’s stomach and he can feel Billy grow tense.

“We don’t have to do this,” he promises Billy. “I just–fuck. You’re gorgeous, you know that, right?”

“I look good with clothes on, yeah,” Billy says. Steve can see his eye roll in the mirror. “I don’t understand why you want me to do this?”

“Because you’re sexy,” Steve says, leaning in to kiss his neck again. He strokes his hand up Billy’s chest and down to his stomach, across the softness he knows Billy hates and to the coarse hair above his dick. He lowers his voice a little, “Because I want you to see the way I see you.”

Billy avoids his gaze again, staring at the soap next to the sink. His thighs dig into the ceramic and Steve admires them for a moment, in a way he knows Billy doesn’t. His thick muscles twitch a little as Billy widens his stance, and Steve uses the opportunity to press a little closer, pushing his dick into the heat between Billy’s ass cheeks and letting it rest there. Just so Billy can feel how much this turns him on, how much Steve *enjoys* his body.

“Man, Billy–I love your stomach,” he tells him, this time using both of his hands to stroke across Billy’s skin there. He deliberately moves down low enough to skirt across the top of Billy’s half-hard cock,

enough to make it twitch and harden a little more.

“I love your chest,” he continues, moving his hands up and rubbing his fingers across Billy’s nipples until his dick is fully hard and Billy’s breathing has started to speed up.

“I love your neck,” Steve says as he pushes aside Billy’s hair to kiss him there again, then behind his ear. “Your ear, and your jaw and your cheeks,” trailing his fingers across the features he describes. “Your eyes, Billy, I fucking *love* your eyes.”

Billy whimpers and Steve brushes his fingers over his lips until Billy sucks them into his mouth. “I love your mouth,” Steve mumbles, pushing his hips against Billy’s ass as he feels precum trickle from the head. “*Fuck.*”

He pulls his fingers out and trails a damp line down to Billy’s sternum before sliding his hands down his ribcage. “I love how wide your chest is,” Steve tells him, his voice now barely more than a whisper. “I love the muscle here,” he says as he feels the curve of the muscle above Billy’s hips fills his palms. “And your hips.”

Then he slides to the back. “I love your ass, Billy, and if you ever think it’s ugly—think *again*.” Steve feels his heartbeat speed up as his fingers brush across his own dick and Billy’s hole. Billy whines as Steve reaches for the lube, squirting some onto his fingers and rubbing it across the hot skin.

“I love your dick,” Steve says, curling his free hand around Billy, stroking slowly as he starts to finger him open. He meets Billy’s eyes over his shoulder in the mirror and sees how his mouth has dropped open; he can hear Billy’s panting breaths.

When he’s prepped Billy he slicks up his dick and stands behind him, slowly sliding in as he tells Billy, “I love—*fuck*—I love the way you take my dick, Billy. How you look, your fucking—your *ass*—”

Billy is nodding now, groaning as his eyes flutter shut and he pushes back against Steve. His dick is red and leaks precum into the sink; Steve doesn’t touch it when he fucks Billy anymore. Billy is too sensitive, responds too well.

Steve fucks Billy slow and holds him close, watching Billy's eyes trace his hand as he strokes it across Billy's body, lingering in all the places he loves most. It doesn't take long before he cums, Billy's ass tight around his dick as Steve mutters, "I love you, Billy. I love you, I love you, I love you."

Billy pulls Steve as close as he can get, he throws his head back onto Steve's shoulders and moans as he cums into the sink, across the mirror.

"I love you too," Billy finally replies, turning his head to kiss Steve. It's an awkward angle and Steve's dick ends up slipping from Billy's ass. It makes Billy laugh and turn around to Steve, pulling him in for a proper kiss.

"Next time," Billy promises, "I'll tell you everything I love about *you*."

Steve smirks into the kiss.

17. Riding

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by anonymous: riding

([Original post](#))

Billy pushes Steve into the passenger seat as he crawls into his lap, fumbling with Steve's jeans while telling Steve to grab the lube from the glove compartment.

Steve's hand slips up the leg hole of Billy's gym shorts, squeezing his ass before rubbing his lubed-up fingers across his hole. Billy uses the time to pull Steve's dick from his underwear, stroking a few times as Steve starts to finger him open.

The woods are dark around them and Billy has to keep his head bent down awkwardly to prevent hitting the roof; all Billy can hear is their hard breathing and the sound of sex, set to the frantic thump of his heartbeat somewhere in the background.

Steve shoves another finger in, stretching Billy while Billy crashes their mouths together. He feels the sharp edge of Steve's jaw against his thumbs, tastes the smokey burn of whiskey as he kisses him again and again until he's breathless and it's not enough.

"Fuck," Billy groans, leaning back a little. "You done yet?"

"Mm," Steve mumbles, chasing Billy's mouth to bite at his lower lip. "I thought that was for your comfort?" He pulls away

"I don't give a shit about comfort," Billy lies, reaching down for the lever that lets the chair recline. It gives them a little more space. He pulls his short to the side again and sinks down on Steve's dick, trying not to moan because that's just not something he *does*.

Steve's fingers dig into Billy's thighs as he starts to ride him, shifting his hips until the angle is *just right*. It's quick and it's dirty and Billy doesn't need to pull his dick from his shorts, doesn't need someone touching him to cum because Steve's cock filling him up feels *great*—

but Steve goes for it anyway, shoving down the front and wrapping his still-wet fingers around him.

“Shit,” Billy groans before biting back down on his lip. He doesn’t mean to look at Steve but his eyes are pulled up as if by magnetic force—to Steve’s flushed cheeks and big dark eyes, a void that he loses himself in as he leans forward to kiss Steve again.

He feels the cramped position reflect in the burn in his thighs and his neck, his arms trembling as he holds on to the sides of the seat and keeps up the rhythm. It’s fast and rough and he’s going to cum, *almost, almost*, pushing himself on until he’s shaking.

“C’mon,” Steve mutters against Billy’s mouth, “c’mon, Billy. Nearly there, nearly—” and Billy doesn’t want this, doesn’t understand why he needs Steve’s permission or *any of this*. Still, Steve’s words tip him over the edge, not Steve’s thumb rubbing against his frenulum or his dick filling Billy’s ass. He cums across Steve’s dumb preppy jumper and easing up on the rhythm as he rides out his orgasm.

Steve throws his head back and cums too, keeping his eyes open as his jaw goes slack. There’s no noise beyond a whimper, the whisper of a moan as he empties his load inside Billy.

Billy sits still for a moment before lifting himself off Steve. He can feel some cum drip down and reflexively clenches tight, pulling his shorts back into place.

“I’ll get you back home,” he tells Steve, climbing back into the driver’s seat.

“Yeah,” Steve breathes, still sounding breathless.

Billy doesn’t watch as Steve tucks his dick back into his underwear, zipping up and shimmying around to get comfortable again. He doesn’t watch when Steve pulls the seat upright or turns to look out the window as Billy shifts the car into first gear, then second, then flooring the gas because he can’t breathe with Steve this close to him and no way out of the situation.

He doesn’t watch when Steve slams the door shut, walking up to the

house, and he doesn't look back as he drives off, back home and back to the pretence that this is nothing.

18. Whimper

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by anonymous: whimper

([Original post](#))

It's getting dark by the time Billy shows up at the Harrington house.

He grabs the pot from the glove compartment and checks his hair in the mirror before taking a deep breath. Slamming the car door shut doesn't help much with his nerves but he gave it a shot, at least.

Steve opens the door faster than Billy expects and he seems nervous too, stuffing his hands into his pockets and stepping back before realizing he needs a free hand to close the door.

"We're, um, we usually hang out by the pool," Steve shrugs, nodding towards the back of the house.

"We?" Billy asks. He thought it was supposed to be just him and Steve and now he worries that he misread the situation.

"Sorry, that's just out of habit," Steve explains. "We're alone, I just—usually when I've people over they're..."

"By the pool," Billy nods, then hacks out a laugh. "Right."

He follows Steve out back.

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Three joints and a few cans of beer later, and they're sitting with their feet submerged in the lukewarm water. The temperature is dropping a little after a long hot day and the waves their feet make break against the tiles in a way that lulls Billy's anxiety to a near-nonexistence.

Their legs are pressed together and Steve looks like he wants to kiss Billy but doesn't know how to ask. Billy holds up the joint between

his fingers, burnt almost down to the filter, and asks, "Wanna share?"

"We already-" Steve starts and only then notices Billy licking his lips. His eyes glaze over and after a short delay, he nods. "Yeah."

Billy keeps his eyes on Steve as he takes a last drag, dropping the filter in an empty can before turning to Steve. He trails his finger down Steve's jaw before cupping the back of his head. His lungs are heavy with smoke as he presses their mouths together and he quickly licks Steve's lips to signal he has to start inhaling.

It's a quiet moment that stretches on forever, before the smoke wears thin and Steve's tongue pushes into Billy's mouth.

Billy whimpers and kisses back, marvelling at the feeling of Steve's arm wrapping around his waist to pull him closer, his free hand coming up to mirror Billy holding Steve's neck. He can feel the small circles Steve rubs into the sensitive skin, feels his dick swell as their feet brush together because they're trying to get closer, *closer*, and finally puts a hand on Steve's thigh like he's wanted to do for *months* now.

He tips over a can of beer and doesn't notice until the sun is starting to rise, shining pale blue light across the backyard and Steve's kiss-bruised lips.

19. Rimming

Summary for the Chapter:

For a prompt by [xshade-shinra](#): rimming

([Original post](#))

Steve is *amazed* by Billy's ass. He's not only sure why, except the first time he gets to touch it he tells Billy, "I thought only girls had nice asses... but fucking *hell*." It's round and firm and smooth, dusted with fine blonde hair and while it's less tan than the rest of his body—there's a tan line low on Billy's hips, stark high up on his thighs—the skin still looks sun-kissed and wonderful.

He loves to stand behind Billy and squeeze both cheeks, two hands full; he likes to spend time fingering Billy opening and getting him to beg for more. Steve loves to slide his dick into Billy's hole, rolling his hips slow and pushing in deep, keeping them both on edge for hours.

He doesn't think about eating out Billy until Billy brings it up. He's on his stomach on the bed and Steve gives him a massage, rubbing his back and then down to his ass. He loves the way the firm muscle feels under his hands, the fat; he slaps Billy gently and watches his butt jiggle as Billy grinds into the bed.

"Use your mouth," Billy mutters, spreading his legs a little so Steve can see the dusky pink skin of his asshole. He pushes his ass back like he *needs* Steve to touch him, begging for more and more.

Steve doesn't hesitate, just settles between Billy's legs and spreads his ass cheeks wide to kiss the hot skin of his hole. Billy shivers and groans, spreading his legs a little wider. Steve starts to lick, remembers the times he did this for girls and tries to draw on that experience. He gets the skin wet, tries to fuck Billy's hole with his tongue, he blows cool air and watches Billy's ass clench as he rolls his hips down again.

"Is that good?" Steve mutters, taking a moment to press wet kisses to Billy's ass. The fine hair tickles his lips and the skin under it is

smooth, flawless, and Steve gently bites it.

“Fuck,” Billy whines, fisting the sheets. Steve can feel his thighs tremble under his arms. “*Yeah, fuck, yeah, keep going.*”

Steve moves back in, getting Billy nice and wet. He’s fucking the bed now, pushing back and forth between the sheets and Steve’s mouth. Steve lets him, keeps going even when his tongue starts to tire. He’s into it, into the way Billy starts to fall apart under his mouth—

and Billy is moaning, demanding, “More, more—*fuck*, Steve!”

There’s nothing more Steve can give Billy with his mouth and he knows that Billy’s close, hovering on the edge. He thinks another time he’ll see if he can push Billy to cum on just his tongue, but he sounds desperate and Steve can’t say no now. Can’t help rubbing his finger across Billy’s hole, feel him push back, then slowly slides it into the hot, silky heat.

He doesn’t get much more than the tip of his finger in, licking around it and pushing his thumb into Billy’s perineum before he cums. He’s moaning loud as Steve feels the spasms of Billy’s orgasm around his finger, against his thumb.

When Billy relaxes under his hands, Steve slowly draws out his finger and kisses the bottom of his spine. Then he helps Billy turn to his back—he’s flushed and cum is spread across his lower belly, a wet patch on the bed where he fucked the sheets.

“Mmm,” Billy sighs, closing his eyes.

“You liked that?” Steve smiles, feeling pride in seeing Billy like this, relaxed and happy and it’s all because of *him*. It’s awesome.